

# THE EFFECTS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

## "NEW THOUGHT" AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

BY HASHIMURA TOGO  
(Wallace Irwin).

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The Editor Sunday Star who are seldom surprised when some sudden vibration or Think-Wave comes from direction of Washington, D. C., who are quite willing, thank you, to publish New Thought, if it got any New in it. AFFECTIONATE HON. MR. EDITOR:

I HAVE been nearly in danger of getting something. About 2 weeks of yore I go to a lecture by Mrs. Kate Low Ellen Sweeney, New Thoughter, on subject of "Love Vibrations: they Can Move Anything." I only this speak very much because it was free and full of difficult words.

She says, "New Thought are sure-cure for most ailments what human flesh is heir to. If you don't believe it, get sick & try it on yourself. Love, when took internally, becomes a very angry dynamo & will kick out any Disease now living. When used externally love projects. Learn



"He Can Now Afford to Think Anything He Wants to on Religion and Tariff."

to vibrate & project. It are Nature's way. If Nature refuse to show you how, I will teach you for \$5 a lesson. When a Soul are completely passive it become energized," she say with voice.

I set silently attempting to assimilate them words she said.

"Success can be got by New Thought," she suggest. "If you got right vibrations of mind & soul you can turn yourself into anything you like."

"Please, I should like to turn myself into a Swedish dairyman," I say out loud, because I was wistful for that job I seen advertised in this morning's newspaper.

"Perhaps you might," she response with slight tone of peev. "Love are a

very high-powerful energy. It make the world go round. Nothing are so cumbersome & heavy that Love can't move it when it get started."

"Will Love ever become a cheap fuel for automobiles?" are next request I make; but Mrs. Sweeney make angry blither with finger to Hon. Usher who push me to stairway where I am soon outside.

So I go to saloon of Hon. Strunsky for teach him this New Thought because he are Irish & fond of refinement.

"Hon. Strunsky," I ask it, "what are a soul when it become completely passive?" "It are paralyzed," report Strunsky. "When a soul become completely passive around this saloon I usually telephones to his friends to come & take him home."

I make note of this phenomenal. "Can persons be cured of ill diseases by shooting New Thought at it?" I next require.

"Not around here they can't," reject Hon. Strunsky with Irish curse. "If you wish to attempt any such comical business, go try it on the dog."

"Ah, no, can't do!" I reject. "My dog O-Fido are a valuable canine & must not be risked. Complete bull dogs is oftenly worth \$500; and I suspect O-Fido must contain at leastly \$1.50 worth of this scarce breed. Therefore I shall try it on Uncle Nihil, who are less valuable."

So I depart off and do so. At my room in Patriots of Japan Hotel I have remained for 2 weeks attempting to vibrate. I shall soon quit-it, thank you, because can't do.

At firstly it seemed so easy it look deceptive. I fasten my brain-thoughts on home of Mrs. Lusy Macdonald where I got job nursing her geraniums for \$1.25 weekly payment. I make vibrations in that direction. I tell my Thoughts to atomize them plants carefully with warm water. This is done. I instruct my Soul to pick-away all Hon. Bugs from leaves of them flowers & dust lovingly with insect-powder. This are accomplished. Then I send extra strong vibration to remove them plants to sunny window & dig around roots with table-knife. My Thoughts inform me that this disagreeable job have been also completed.

Then I await patiently till Saturday night for my \$1.25 pay to arrive from Mrs. Macdonald which is usual. But it do not come, thank you!

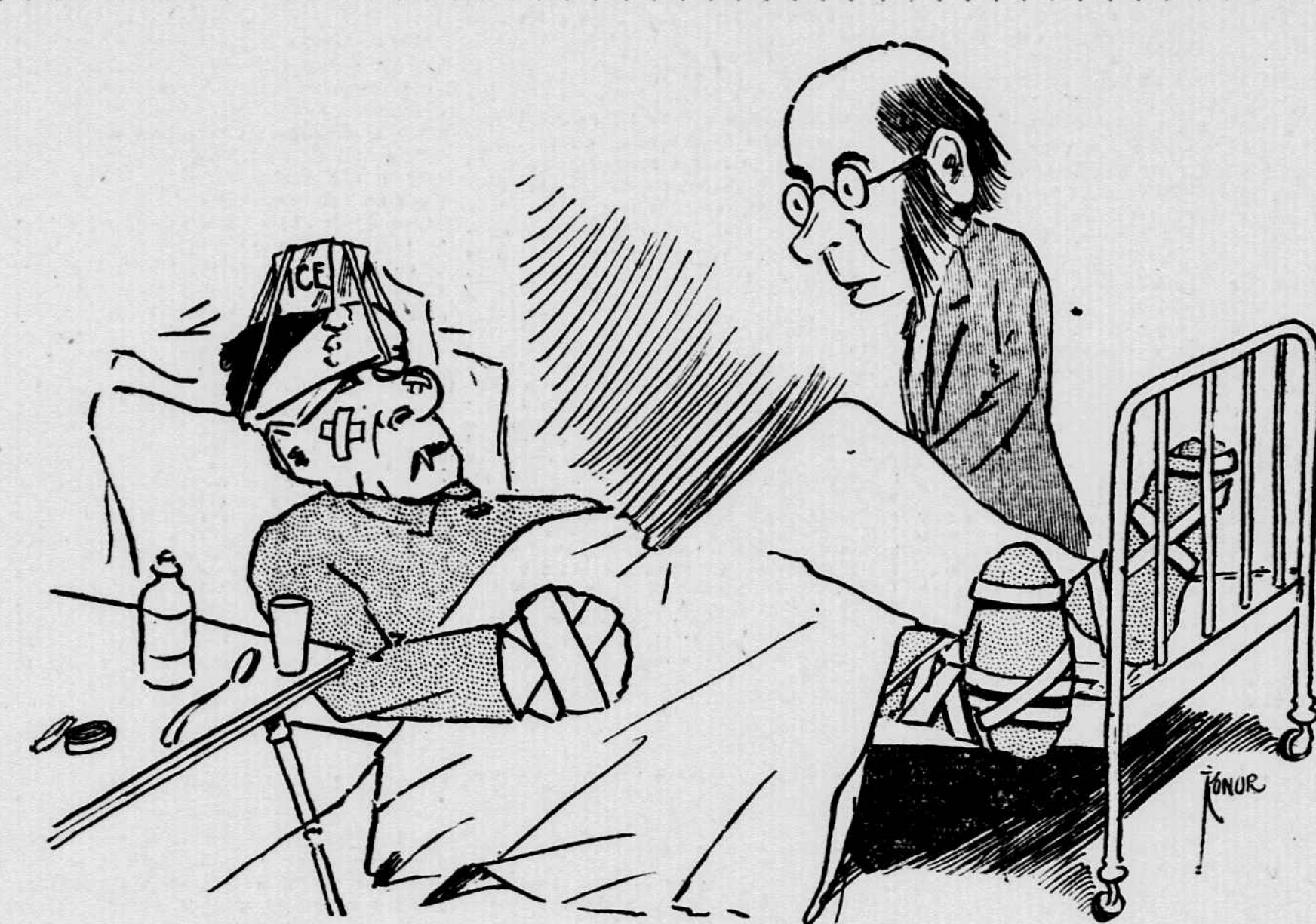
"What to do?" I enquire of my Thought. "Please send I immediate vibration to Mrs. Macdonald to collect them \$1.25 which she owe me for mental job I done to her plants."

No response, thank you, till next morning when following letter come-in by male:

"H. Togo, Dearest Sir—  
"You need not arrive here no more. Geraniums is all fatally dead & Bunkio Saguchi have got your job for more intelligence & less pay."

"Yours truly,  
"Lusy Macdonald (Mrs.)."

When this literary note arrive I am



"He Were Requested to Think Some Cheerful Thoughts."

filled with entire disgust & enjoy angry rages at my Soul for not telling me about them geraniums. Then I think, maybe, my Soul was mad because I treat him like a errand-boy. So I attempt to be a Mental Healer. I think of Sago Osaki, Japanese grocer, who have been bed-ridden for years with sick asthma in his joints & knickles. So I call up my Soul & say to him:

"Go to bedsted of S. Osaki, Japanese groceries, & give him some love-waves for his inner side; also several vibrations to be took before meals. Tell him he will get well as soon as he feels so."

My Soul obey & I await satisfaction. Next morning-time my Cousin Nogi make approach to my room & decore:

"You hear what about S. Osaki, Japanese grocer?"

"What about?" I require with nervous calm.

"He are now painless," relapse Nogi. "So joy!" I snatch out. "Have he entirely recovered?"

"Almost," say Nogi. "He are now dead."

This morning my Japanese school-friends become teased about my strange absence & make call-see in my room to find why. Among them present was S. Wanda, Uncle Nihil, Arthur Kichahama, Cousin Nogi, Bunkio Saguchi & little Annie Anazuma. I are still in bed when they see me there.

"What suffering from?" ask Cousin Nogi, hopefully.

"Not sure," I dilt. "It feel like La Grip; but I suspect maybe I got a slight touch

of New Thought."

"What are New Thought?" dement little Annie Anazuma.

"It are Christian Science warned over into a sort of Hash for Heathens," are sharp report from me.

S. Wanda who are a Socialist & believe in nearly everything, say it are possible to do something sometime by New Thought or Something like it. He tell sad story about gentleman in Minnesota who

Sound Wave running back & forth between White House & Congress.

"Are New Thought new?" ask Uncle Nihil patiently.

"It are no newer than any other form of joke," say Cousin Nogi. "It were first discovered in dawn of history when England were inhabited by Hon. Niggers who sleep in holes & led healthy, superstitious lives. In them days when Hon. Patient were suffering from appendix of the stomach, it were very hard to call in Hon. Doctor because medicine were discovered 10,000 years later & it are difficult to make a mad appendix wait so long."

"What to do then, to cure that Hon. Sick?" I ask for scare.

"Quickest & cheapest way were to shoot him," say Cousin Nogi. "But savagery had then reached too refined a state for such a rude practise. So Hon. Patient were given a Mental Heel. Firstly he were requested to think Cheerful Thoughts & assistants were appointed to stand around with clubs to see that he done so. Chief Medicine Man then created Health Vibrations by pounding a log with a ham-bone. That there treatment were continued for 3 weeks when Hon. Patient got tired of music or die getting well. This were earliest variety of New Thought."

"There are nothing new under the sun," I say for discovery.

"Hon. Solomon make that remark already," devote S. Wanda.

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himself would have said, 'I won't let nobody'—outbid him.

But it must be hard, hard, for those poor boosting women of the auction rooms to have to listen to the auctioneers' line of Joe Millerisms year in and year out.

They have to hear them, one way say, at least 15,679,987,653 times in the progress of a Boardwalk year.

They're sad-eyed women, these auction room boosters. No wonder they are sad-eyed! Even a first-rate vaudeville show twice in the same week is an unconscionable bore and nuisance.

But to listen to one auctioneer cut-up cutting up every day, year in and year out! It is dreadful to contemplate.

The woman boosters sit inside there in the auction rooms to attract the crowds from the Boardwalk. You know, they get regular weekly wages for doing it. When the auction room opens up for its regular session there is the row of woman

boosters examining, as if they really meant it, and were interested, trays full of maybe-clothes being held up by grinning Japanese boys for their inspection.

We, merrily plunging along the Boardwalk, see the boosting women doing that. We halt irresolutely. We say "Nix," just like that, several times. We try to walk on—we try very hard.

But the virus is too strong in us—the auction room virus. We are too hopelessly infected. And so, feebly, flaccidly, bereft of anything even vaguely resembling will power, why we mooch into the auction room where the boosters are and we flop into a chair and we wait for the auctioneer to clear his throat and take a lounge for his pipe and then proceed to become clippy and jokey and things.

Auctioneers. That's what it is. Auctioneers. Most everybody down here gets auctionitis sooner or later. Pittsburghers are terribly susceptible to it. Yesterday I saw a Pittsburgh person—man—suffering from the most virulent form of auctionitis, deliberately purchase no less than \$200 worth—well, I don't know how much it was worth, but he paid \$200 for the stuff, anyway—of Nipponese high-art gear. There were hectic spots on his cheeks. There was a wolfish gleam in his eye. He wouldn't let anybody—

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shadowy corners, where there is little or no light, and their eyes, you perceive, are bent on running out of their heads as they bend over their fancy work. But they stay with it. They stick along at it. They never stop. One wonders whether they take their fancy work to bed with 'em and keep right at it in their dreams.

Many of them, the undersized is informed by a person qualified to know, are fancy-working at embroidered shirt waists, that is.

Embroidered shirt waists have always seemed to the present chronicler to be penances visited upon women by a wrathful heaven for their venial sins. The women who fancy work the embroidered shirt waists, that is.

The point is this: Women look all right in embroidered shirt waists, of course. Quite pretty, some of the embroidered shirt waists. Not half bad, really.

But consider the terrific amount of work on an embroidered shirt waist! And any man knows—you are hereby challenged to find any man who doesn't know—that one of those shirt waists that a woman buys for 98 cents looks every bit as good as an embroidered shirt waist. Fact! Ask any experienced man person—male person who has watched shirt-waists, of course—and he'll tell you

almost bled for for the women, I mean, not the lace. I felt like running around in a white sweater, white leggings and white cap. But they do. Not only do they, but they pretend that they like it. That's the inexplicable part of it—their pretending that they actually enjoy doing Irish lace with those awful rosettes on it that ought to be fancy-worked with the aid of a powerful microscope, if at all.

Some of them, would you believe it, positively are engaged upon the herculean, the well-nigh impossible job of fancy-working Irish lace with those awful rosettes on it that ought to be fancy-worked with the aid of a powerful microscope, if at all.

And every man on the civilized globe with one-eight of an eye in his head knows perfectly well that one of those \$1.48 net shirt waists looks exactly like an Irish lace shirt waist, that it has taken a woman 115 years to fancy-work, in addition to forever destroying her eyesight.

It's mighty mystifying this fancy-

bright sayings," are sulk from me. "And yet persons is oftenly cured by New Thought in favorable cases," ollicute Bunkio.

"What are a 'favorable case?' require Wanda.

"A 'favorable case' are on what ain't got nothing the matter with her," snub Nogi. "Many & numerous cures is recorded for such cases. Following wonderful miracles is clipped from 'Dally Vibrator & Thriller,' New Thought pipe-organ:

"1—Mrs. C. W. O'Brien, dippymaniae, imagine her stummick were carpeted with green moss. After 10 weeks treatment she imagine it was gone. It was.

"2—Dolfus Smitz, plumber, imagine he can write plays. New Thought stage-manager treat Dolfus for 3 rehearsals when the Patient realize his mistake & quit.

"3—W. Furo, Japanese hardware, imagine he got a toomer on his brain. Case very stubborn, like Furo. Finally New Thinker coax him to think he ain't got no brain. Great relief to Furo & his wife."

"I should not care for New Thoughts because I ain't not got no disease," abrupt little Annie Anazuma.

"However, you might still need it," confuse S. Wanda. "Many well persons takes New Thoughts to make them successful in Business."

"Tell us how to do it so we can get rich!" ollicute Nogi & Bunkio & Uncle Nihil & little Annie Anazuma in unison.

"To get rich by New Thought you must do following way:

"Firstly you must choose some business you wish to get rich by. Suppose-it you wish to become one RR magnet. You get

maps of this RR you wish to own and begin to think about it. You place your mind in report with harmony. You make your soul act passive. You must not wish no harm to nobody. You must surround your office with several rows of loving Vibrations full of sweet & gentle thoughts—"

"Wanda, you are making a clatter!" are sharp voice from me. "Railroads is not acquired by sweet thoughts & gentle vibrations. Love-waves is useless also for this. Folks who knows Hon. E. H. Harriman are sure he never coaxed Northern Pacific by making harmonious sounds with his soul."

Disappointment enjoyed by all. "In this Christian kingdom," I say further, "most business is done by the gentleman who can feel the most disagreeable for the longest time at a stretch."

"But are not Hon. Carnegie a Christian Scientist?" arrange Bunkio.

"In early struggly of career he were a Heathen Scientist. He can now afford to think anything he wants to on Religion & Tariff."

"Do not Hon. Rockefeller believe in sweet Thought Waves when talking to reporters?" ask Wanda to me.

"When Hon. Rockefeller were laying pipe-line of Success he were the most disagreeable man in Pennsylvania," I mark-out with Ida M. Tarbell reminder. "Hon. Rockefeller are now rich enough to do anything—even look pleasant."

"Elderly capitalists should not be blamed for indulging in foolish luxuries," announce little Annie Anazuma who are too young to be out.

Hoping you are the same, Yours truly,

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work thing. I'd like to get at the reason d'être of it, whatever that means. By the way, I haven't seen any women darning any sox or things on the

plers. Or does sox-darning come under the heading of fancy work? Because if it doesn't it ought to, you know!" CLARENCE L. CULLEN.

"What?"

"Yes, and the worst of it is that it is all account of their feet."

"Oh!" came from the second woman, as she shyly withdrew her feet within the shelter of her skirts. "Will you explain?"

"It's this way. Now see that man coming toward us. You see his shoulders are going in one direction, his body in another, and dear me, his feet in quite a third."

"How interesting, but I don't quite understand."

"Why, it is just the way people hold themselves. When they walk the different parts of their body move in different directions, and just because they do not put their feet properly on the ground when they walk."

"Oh, yes! How interesting."

"Just then she left her friend, and while crossing the street glanced hurriedly around at the other woman standing on the curb, as if to find out whether she were being scrutinized."

"It all happened on one of those 'pay-as-you-enter' cars. A large, smiling mammy, the kind we only hear about nowadays, boarded one of them. Behind her came a kind-faced gentleman, and back of him a man 'with a grouch.' 'Fares,' yelled the conductor. 'All right, honey, you jes wait till I git inside this yher car.' 'You have to pay now,' said the conductor, in any but a pleasant voice. 'What? Who, me? Deed I hain't a goin' to drop all these yher bundles to give you all a car ticket, you kin jes come in after it, as you always ader.' 'You have to pay now,' said the conductor in a dogged voice. 'Move on,' came from the 'grouch.' 'Let her in, and then get her fare,' said the kind-faced man. 'Now lookahere, honey, I jes kaint. I jes naturally kaint drop all these yher bundles. Now, you all jes come on in after that there car ticket.' The conductor glowered in vain. 'Mammy' complacently entered the car. The kind man smiled, the 'grouch' hustled him along, and the conductor went on in after his fare.

In the Beginning.

From Puck.

"These leases are getting fierce," declared the first cave dweller. "That's right," chimed in the second cave dweller, "our landlord won't let us keep kichens, dodos, saber-toothed tigers or pterodactyls."

"HAVE you ever noticed the way different people walk?"

"No," replied the companion of the

## BATHERS "BR-R-R-R" DOWN BY THE SAD SEA WAVES, SO THEY DO

Special Correspondence of The Star.

ATLANTIC CITY, March 19, 1909.

O, the sea is not housed over here during the winter and spring. It still is very gloriously on the job.

Yesterday afternoon I saw six young male persons disporting themselves in the sea—

if I can conscientiously call it "disporting." They didn't disport in the sea long enough to cause me to turn my head—I was comfortably swaddled and standing in the sunshine of the Boardwalk—and out sounds that sounded like "Br-r-r-r" ("Br-r-r-r" means "cold," you know.) It was a vicarious "Br-r-r-r" for the disporters in the surf. I felt for them.

I felt, too, that they would have that kind of disporting. I didn't envy them at all. They were welcome to all of that kind of disporting that they could possibly use. But they were athletic young fellows of Philadelphia or Manayunk or Pottsville or some such place, and they made out as if they enjoyed it. I noticed when they came under the Boardwalk to switch into clothes-including overcoats—that their countenances were of a sort of blue shade and that their teeth were doing a castanet obligato that somehow caused me to hum passages from "Carmen." In disporting themselves in the March surf that way, you see, they desired to create the impression that they were hardy and rugged and perfect sons of guns generally.

They created the impression all right. Treated it unmistakably. This would have been all right if they hadn't created the additional impression that they were suffering from acute mania.

A fat girl went into the sea last Sunday afternoon. I don't know all the details, she was in the surf for all of four seconds. Then she raced back waddling to the bathing pavilion. She had one it, anyhow. In 1905 or thereabouts she'll be telling the grandchildren on her terrace how it was just nothing for her—huh, nothing at all—to disport herself for whatever it is during the months between her summer seasons. Why should they? The Boardwalk looks about as crowded today as it does in July. The parade up and down and down, that Aplan Way of the sea is ceaseless. The Nipponese high-art folks know this. Therefore they are the only auction of the same old Cio-clo-clo-clo and saucers—some of it may be Cio-clo-clo. The cups, you know, are sold by the auctioneer under an electric sub of about a million candlepower. So his inspection of prospective buyers. So strong an electric candlepower—well,

maybe it isn't quite a million—is bound to make the hope-it-is-Cio-clo-clo-clo a sort of opaline glow, indicating thinness, you see.

And so we buy a set of the perhaps Cio-clo-clo-clo cups and saucers, believing, of course, as we buy it, that we're going to have the highly ornamental black leather, satin-lined case in which the cups and saucers are shown by the auctioneer.

In this we are mistaken. The highly ornamental case doesn't go with the cups and saucers. We shall be in those auction rooms again this afternoon, swiftly examining more almost-Cio-clo-clo. The red flag in front pulls us in. The persuasive sound of our subconscious voice drags us from our Boardwalk saunter.

Well, yes, those auctioneers in the Jap art places.